

THE  
LADIES'  
WEEKLY MUSEUM,

OR  
POLITE REPOSITORY  
OF  
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. VI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1817.

NO. 9.

THE  
VILLAGE CURATE,

OR,  
*AS YOU LIKE IT.*

—  
(Continued.)

EVERY particular which related to this worthy man, Trueman enquired with an earnestness that displayed the philanthropic sentiments of his mind; and intimated not merely a wish, but a fixed determination, to rescue the indigent sufferer from the horrors of a prison, and restore him to his disconsolate family. Impressed with this generous sentiment, he went to bed, meditating on the means by which he might effect his laudable designs, so as to give the least offence possible to the delicacy of suffering virtue, and conceal the hand that loosed the chains of bondage, and gave once more to the drooping captive the possession of liberty.

After proposing to himself many plans, he at length determined to walk the next day to a post town about three miles off, and inclose notes to the amount of Mr. Benley's debt, in a letter to that gentleman. This appeared to him the best method he could devise, as it would leave no traces that might lead to a discovery from whom the merited bounty came. Thus resolv-

ed, he yielded to the soft embraces of sleep; and in the morning, rose to execute his benevolent purpose.

In his return, he saw, at a short distance before him, a female and a little boy. The youth carried a basket, which seemed too heavy for his feeble strength to support. The female had, in each hand, an earthen jug; and, having outwalked her companion, had seated herself on a stile, to wait his coming up. Trueman accosted the youth, and offered to assist him in carrying his load, a proposal which the youngster readily accepted; telling him, at the same time, that he had been to a neighboring farmer for cheese and butter; and that his sister, then waiting for him at the stile, had got two jugs of milk for his brothers' breakfast, who were at home with his mother. "And what is your name, my little fellow?" said Trueman. "Benley, Sir," answered he, "and we live in yonder cottage," pointing to a small house across the meadow.

Trueman, who longed for an introduction to the disconsolate family of the indigent, but worthy curate, was highly gratified with this piece of news.

"Charlotte," said the youth, as they drew near the female, "here is a gentleman has kindly carried my basket for me; and, as you complain the jugs are too heavy for you, I dare say he will help you too."

"That I will, most readily; and esteem myself obliged in having permission so to do," said Trueman, placing the basket on the ground, and bowing to Miss Benley.

"You are very kind, Sir," said Charlotte; "but I am ashamed that Henry should have given you so much trouble; he is an idle boy, or he would not have thus intruded upon your politeness."

"Call it not intrusion," returned Trueman; "the young gentleman asked not my assistance, and my service is voluntary."

The blushing Charlotte accepted, with reluctance, the assistance of the gallant stranger; and permitted him to attend her to her humble dwelling. Trueman, a stranger to the undisguised charms of nature, viewed, with a joy bordering on rapture, the personal accomplishments of his fair companion.—"And, oh!" said he to himself, "should she wear a mind pure and unstained as is her lovely form, she were a treasure worth the proudest monarch's love!"

The lovely maid, unconscious of her power to captivate, received with unconcern the compliments which Trueman paid to her beauty; and unimpressed by his gallantry, answered with polite indifference every question of the enamoured youth. In fact, the recent misfortunes that had befallen her family, and the gloomy prospect which fear's deluded eye traced in the bosom of futurity, had robbed Miss Benley of a considerable share of that vivacity, which in her happier days she was wont to possess, and rendered her almost totally indifferent to the converse of her friends, and altogether impatient of society. To this may be attributed the small attention which Trueman received to his animated address. With her eyes fixed on the ground, she saw not the man with whom she conversed. Those features, which Beauty claimed her own; that form, where grace with elegance was allied, met not the view of the sorrowing Charlotte; and, before he could impress his lovely auditor with a favourable thought, the painful moment arrived when he was to bid her

adieu, or suffer the restraint which the presence of her family would lay him under.

Harry Benley, the youth whom Trueman had eased of his burden, had reached home some time before the arrival of his sister. Having informed his mother of the stranger's civility, the good woman walked to the wicket-gate, that formed an entrance to the garden, to welcome her daughter's return; and thanking Trueman for his politeness, invited him to partake of their morning refreshment, which he readily accepted.

"I am sorry," said the venerable matron, "that my means and my inclination to make you welcome, are not in unison with each other; but that which I have to give, I give freely. There was a time—" added she, with a sigh, and stopping to wipe away the tear which reflection urged.

"I have heard of your misfortunes, Madam," interrupted Trueman, "and I sincerely sympathize in your sufferings. But do not," continued he, "yield to despair. The hand which inflicts distress can also bestow happiness; and though the pitiless storm of stern adversity to-day bears hard and heavy on our defenceless roof, to-morrow prosperity's cheering sun may raise our sinking hopes, and repair the ravages of the ruthless blast."

Here the discourse was interrupted by the arrival of breakfast, which Charlotte had prepared. Mrs. Benley, however, could not help noticing the remark and the language of her guest, which she seemed not to expect from a person in the habit of a peasant. Trueman found that he had excited surprise, and as soon as their repast was over, in a few words gave a feigned story of his life, concluding with his intention to reside a few months in the village, and requesting permission to visit them.

Mrs. Benley assured him, that the society of a man possessing such sentiments as he had expressed, would always be to her acceptable; and, with a promise to renew his visit on the morrow, he took his leave. Mrs. Benley,

and her lovely daughter, in the mean time, could not avoid making their observations on the strangeness of the visit, and the visitor, while he congratulated himself on the completion of his wish for an introduction to the amiable family.

The voluntary contributions of the surrounding peasantry, that so amply supplied the wants and necessities of Mrs. Benley and her family, were not confined to the narrow limits of this obscure village: the venerable pastor, in the gloomy confines of a prison, tasted of the grateful bounty; and the sorrows of the wretched captive found alleviation in the affectionate concern of his parishioners. Not a week passed, but some one of the village attended the market; and none ever entered the gates of the city, without paying a visit to Mr. Benley.

It was one of those market-days, that Farmer Welford, having disposed of his samples of corn to a purchaser, waited on the good old man. He found him in a small room, remote from the thoughtless herd of debtors, who sought to bury their cares in riot and dissipation, indulging the religious habits of his mind, and pursuing his pious meditations. The sight of any of his parishioners was a cordial to the drooping spirits of Mr. Benley. He received them with undissembled pleasure. His anxieties, his griefs, though not forgotten, were suppressed, while conversing with his friends; but, at the moment of separation, they returned with increased poignancy, and it required the utmost efforts of his mind to support the painful—Adieu!—

‘Eternal God!’ exclaimed the weeping father, ‘must I no more enjoy the sweets of liberty! Shall I no more behold my humble cot! and must those shrubs, those flowers, which art has taught to twine around my lattice, unfold to some stranger’s eye their fragrant blossoms? Must I no more, at close of day—the fond partner of my bosom leaning on my arm, the sweet pledges of our mutual love in playful fondness attending on our steps—must I no more

at this sweet hour, along the deepening vale extend my rural walk, attentive to the thrush’s song, or the happy milk-maid’s artless ditty!—Must I no more, on the brow of some beech-crowned hill, my station take, to view the stately vessel scud before the breeze! or, down the sloping cliff, urge my peaceful way; and, on the sea-shore pensive listen to the lashing waves, and mark the frothy surge’s due retreat!—No! these joys are vanished; happiness flies my void embrace; and misery, want and wretchedness, press hard on my declining years. These were the pleasures which faithless fortune once bestowed. How changed the scene! Here, when night her sable mantle o’er the face of heaven begins to spread, nothing is heard but the dismal rattling of chains; doors of massy iron grating on their hinges, appal the timid soul; while horrid oaths, and dreadful imprecations wound the listening ear.—O Welford! my soul sickens at the scene; and philosophy can scarce shield my mind from the horrors of despair!’

At this moment the gaoler entered the room, with a letter for Mr. Benley—‘The hand is unknown to me, said he, looking at the superscription.

‘It has a goodly outside’ said the gaoler, ‘pray heaven it prove not like the world, fair without and foul within.’

‘Why, truly friend,’ returned Mr Benley, ‘your satire upon the manners of mankind is not unreasonable. It is, I fear, the maxim of too many of the present age, to conceal the depravity of the heart beneath the specious appearance of honesty. The termagant female, when some fair youth strikes her fantastic fancy, will assume a peaceful mein; till, falconer like, she lures the tassel to her power, then throws the mask aside. The libertine, who sighs to clasp the blooming virgin to his unchaste embrace, will swear eternal constancy and love, and invoke even heaven itself to witness the integrity of his passion; yet, no sooner has possession cloyed the appetite and desire sickens, than he forgets his vows, and leaves the too incautious maid to mourn

her fond credulity, and his ingratitude. This, however,' continued he, breaking the seal, 'I think bodes no harm, I will therefore inform myself of its contents.'

And now, gentle reader, do I most sincerely wish for the pencil of the inimitable Hogarth, to pourtray the features of this trio; to which language cannot give expression, nor the most lively conception do justice.—Here sat the reverend father, with placid countenance, and mind serene, prepared to meet, with complacency, the smiles of fortune, or to combat with success, the frowns of adversity. Near him stood the goaler, whom nature had cast in too soft a mould for the iron-hearted profession; and on his right hand was seated the honest farmer. In the countenance of these, hope's dawning smile was sweetly contrasted with the dusky frown of trembling fear. Now hope shot forth her brightening beam; now fear veiled with her murky cloud, the gilded prospect; and each, by turns, the balance swayed.

At length, Mr. Benley, raising his eyes from the letter, ended their suspense—'It is well, my friends,' said he: 'Goodness is still extant; and Innocence enjoys the guardian care of Providence. The contents of this letter will best explain my meaning—

*'To the Rev. John Benley, at the Castle of Norwich.'*

*'Reverend Sir,*

'The enclosed notes, which I find on enquiry, will cover the whole of your debts, wait your acceptance. They are the gift of one, on whom fortune has bestowed more than he can claim on the score of desert; and who anxiously hopes, while it restores to you those most enviable blessings,—liberty and domestic happiness, he has left no clue by which a discovery of the donor may be effected.'

Here the goaler broke out into a swearing fit of joy; the farmer, whose emotions were too violent for utterance, could only express his pleasure by his looks; while the grateful pastor threw

himself on his knees; and, in a fervent pathetic address, to the Giver of all Good, poured forth the grateful transports of his soul.

*(To be continued.)*

## SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

There is an evil, which if I knew how to remedy, no exertion on my part should be wanting: I mean that embargo which is laid on a free, unceremonious, though innocent intercourse between the sexes. There are few men of any pretensions to taste who are not fond of associating with women, and without having any other object in view, than the pleasure and advantage which result merely from their society. Female conversation has a powerful tendency to refine the ideas and manners of men, and, when natural good sense and information unite in their associations, they form a magnet irresistibly attractive.—A happy facility of expression, a pleasing versatility of disposition, together with an agreeable sprightliness, which they in general possess, render the company of the fair sex truly delightful.

In this case, there is an indescribable fascination, a kind of secret magic, which surrounds them, and which none but the coldest of cold blooded stoics could possibly resist. Without considering them, therefore, in any other point of view, than rational beings, and pleasing and instructive companions, it is certainly very hard, that established habits should prevent us from enjoying that gratification, which their society is peculiarly calculated to bestow. That this is the case, every person acquainted with the manners of the times will be ready to acknowledge. If the young of both sexes frequently assemble together, ill natured remarks, and malicious observations, are immediately circulated; the tongue of scandal is busy, and intercourse is thus prevented. Now, I can easily imagine how a man, whether married or single, may be fond of female society, without having any improper design on the heart, the person or purse of any

individual in it. But though, by his conversation and conduct, he may demonstrate the disinterestedness of his attention, though it be clearly seen and understood by those whom it more particularly affects, yet the world takes so much good natured interest in the affairs of individuals, that we must yield to its opinions.

The fond anxiety of mothers, indeed, in this case, is very often troublesome. They are in general so much bent on having their daughters properly established in the world, that every attention which is paid, is watched with a jealous eye; hints of coming to an explanation are frequently dropped, when in reality there is nothing to explain; the daughters, in the mean time, are lectured into reserve, and taught to suppress the impulse which would prompt them to act with that openness and candour which they naturally possess. Hence it is, that in few assemblies do they find that ease and affability, without which there can be no true enjoyment; and thence it is, that in such meetings the conversation assumes an air which is evidently forced. Caps, lace, ornaments, and flounces; plays, novels, and complexions, are the interesting objects of discourse; flattery, flirting, sighing, ogling and all that, occupy time: the heart is little interested, the understanding less. The women are pretty little play-things, the men exquisitely ridiculous.

Prevented from treating the other sex with freedom and unreserve, we begin to treat them as devoid of good sense; their talents are thus concealed through want of opportunities to exert them, and thus the mind gradually sinks into imbecility. Were the embargo of which I complain removed, formality and affectation would be banished, and the frivolity of conversation, which at present so much prevails, would give way to something more solid and useful: The sexes would be led to consider each other, not as men and women merely, but as rational and intelligent beings; their intellectual powers would be mutually drawn forth and expanded, and mutual improvement on the one hand, and

delicacy and refinement on the other, would be the natural consequences. Will not a man be allowed to cultivate the acquaintance of a pleasant, sensible woman, unless he declares himself her professed admirer? Prejudices are vanishing rapidly from among us, rational ideas are spreading around, and beginning to influence in some degree the inhabitants of Richmond. I hope yet to see the day when the sexes shall mingle in the freedom of harmless conversation, without fear of censure or dread of reproach.—*Richmond Compiler.*

### A NEWSPAPER.

Nothing is perhaps a better representative of human life, than the pages of a newspaper. In one department are to be discovered insurrections and revolutions abroad; in another, murders and conflagrations at home; in one part, we notice all the volatile foreign rumours; and in the same column—a grave, official public document—then a little light-winged poetry, a puling sonnet addressed by a lover to his mistress's eye-brow—then some specimen of party gladiatorship, some political cut and thrust—then some short dissertation on morality—and then importunate advertisements, where all the comforts, necessities and superfluities of life are carefully deposited in a page by themselves, as if neither wars abroad, or outrages at home—as if neither politics, nor poetry, or morality should dare to interfere in a matter of so much importance as the acquisition of money. In the midst of all this rumour and bustle and clamour, and rage of speculation, a little article, comprehending four or five lines, is devoted to the intelligence that an immortal soul has taken its flight to its Creator and is now awaiting his judgment. Room is hardly left for the communication of such intelligence, and it is passed over by the eye of the reader as a matter too insignificant to detain his attention for a moment. How faithfully does this mirror reflect human life, as it is now pass-

ing before us! If we but cast our eyes from the window, we behold the scene—stores crowded with merchandise—the erier, with his obstreperous bell, announcing an auction—we hear the incessant roar of the drays over the pavement, as if not a moment was to be lost in acquiring money—the chariot of pleasure, decorated with the smiles of female beauty, rolling in the streets—knots of quidounes at every turn and corner, anxious to hear, or to communicate, the floating rumours of the day—stately and magnificent mansions rising from the ground, and preparations making for future grandeur and magnificence; *all these are confronted by the hearse, which passes along neglected; and if the wheel should happen to encounter the chariot of dissipation, it would excite no other emotion than that of impatience for the stopping of the carriage.* That all this animating spectacle is to be brought to this silent mass of dust and ashes, seems to bear the character of romance; it is mingled with our belief of giants and faeries, or some incredible tale, not worth a moment's regard. The coffin is suffered to pass, and, with the spectacle, our memory of it likewise passes away.—*Baltimore Telegraph.*

#### CONVERSATIONS WITH SPIRITS.

Last week we gave an interesting article on Diseased Imagination. We now present our readers with something equally curious on holding Conversations with Spirits, —selected from "Dr. Ferriar's Theory of Apparitions." Taken from the *Analectic Magazine*.

Dr. F. admits that Tasso really *saw* the appearances with which he conversed; i. e. that such images were really present by impressions made on his disordered bodily organs: had he noticed the curious particular that Tasso's study was a Gothic apartment, and that he fancied his familiar spirit conversed with him through a window of stained glass, he might have found a very powerful support to his theory: the *colored* rays certainly affected the poet's organs of vision: by delusive but not unreal oper-

ation. Dr. F. admits also, that Brutus *saw*, with his bodily organs, the spectre that promised to meet him at Philippi; but he has paid no attention to the circumstances which surrounded Brutus at the time. He was accustomed to read in his tent, at midnight, when his bodily frame was debilitated by fatigue, and his spirits exhausted by long and toilsome marches, by the duties of the day;—he was, therefore, in a state to be led astray by a predisposed imagination. What was the subject of the book he was reading?—Was it Plato on the Immortality of the Soul, or was it the theory of the dying Bramin, who prophetically warned Alexander that they should meet at Babylon? Either of these might suggest the idea of a spectre rising to disturb his meditation, or a spirit predicting a meeting, at which the hero promised to be present.

Some curious persons, of uncommon strength of mind, and sufficiently informed, have watched the progress of this disease in themselves, and have distinguished its effects. Among the most decisive of these is the case of Nicolai, the celebrated author and bookseller of Berlin. He was accustomed to loose blood twice a year; but this was omitted at the close of the year 1790, when it ought to have taken place. Says he,

"I had, in January and February of the year 1791, the additional misfortune to experience several extremely unpleasant circumstances, which were followed on the 24th of February by a most violent altercation. My wife and another person came into my apartment in the morning, in order to console me, but I was too much agitated by a series of incidents which had most powerfully affected my moral feeling, to be capable of attending to them; on a sudden I perceived, at about the distance of ten steps, a form like that of a deceased person; I pointed at it, asking my wife if she did not see it. It was but natural that she should not see any thing; my question therefore, alarmed her very much, and she sent immediately for a physician. The phantasm

continued about eight minutes. I grew at length more calm, and being extremely exhausted, fell into a restless sleep which lasted about half an hour: the physician ascribed the apparition to a violent mental emotion, and hoped that there would be no return; but the violent agitation of my mind had in some way disordered my nerves, and produced farther consequences which deserve a more minute description.

"At four in the afternoon, the form which I had seen in the morning re-appeared. I was by myself when this happened, and being rather uneasy at the incident, went to my wife's apartment, but there likewise I was prevented by the apparition, which, however, at intervals, disappeared, and always presented itself in a standing posture: about six o'clock there appeared also several walking figures, which had no connection with the first.

"As when the first terror was over, I beheld the phantasms with great emotion taking them for what they really were, remarkable consequences of an indisposition, I endeavoured to collect myself as much as possible, that I might preserve a clear consciousness of the changes which should take place within myself; I observed these phantasms very closely, and frequently reflected on my antecedent thoughts to discover, if possible, by means of what association of ideas exactly, these forms presented themselves to my imagination; I thought at times I had found a clue, but taking the whole together I could not make out any natural connexion between the occupations of my mind, my occupations, my regular thoughts, and the multiform forms which now appeared to me, and now again disappeared. After repeated and close observations, and calm examination, I was unable to form any conclusion relative to the origin and continuation of the different phantasms which presented themselves to me. All that I could infer was, that while my nervous system was in such an irregular state, such phantasms would appear to me as if I actually saw and heard them; that these

illusions were not modified by any known laws of reason, imagination, or the common association of ideas, and that probably other people who may have had similar apparitions, were exactly in the same predicament.

"I attempted to produce at pleasure, phantasms of persons whom I knew, by intensely reflecting on their countenance, shape, &c. but distinctly as I called to my lively imagination the respective shades of three of these persons, I still laboured in vain to make them appear to me as phantasms, tho' I had before involuntarily seen them in that manner, and perceived them some time after, when I least thought of them. I could at the same time distinguish between phantasms and real objects, and the calmness with which I examined them enabled me to avoid the commission of the smallest mistake. I knew exactly when it only appeared to me that the door was opening and a phantasm entering the room, and when it actually opened and a real person entered.

"These phantasms appeared equally clear and distinct at all times and all circumstances, both when I was by myself and when I was in company, and as well in the day as at night, and in my own house as well as abroad; they were, however, less frequent when I was in the house of a friend, and rarely appeared to me in the street; when I shut my eyes these phantasms would sometimes disappear entirely, though there were instances when I beheld them with my eyes closed, yet when they disappeared on such occasions, they generally re-appeared when I opened my eyes.

"I generally saw human forms of both sexes, but they usually appeared not to take the smallest notice of each other, moving as in a market place, where all are eager to press through the crowd; at times, however, they seemed to be transacting business with each other; I also saw several times people on horseback, dogs, and birds. All these phantasms appeared to me in their natural size, and as distinct as if

alive, exhibiting different shades of carnation in the uncovered parts as well as in different colours and fashions in their dresses; though the colours seemed somewhat paler than in real nature, none of the figures appeared particularly terrible, comical, or disgusting, most of them being of an indifferent shape, and some having a pleasing appearance.

"I also began to hear them talk; the phantoms sometimes conversed among themselves, but more frequently addressed their discourse to me; their speeches were commonly short, and never of an unpleasant turn. At different times there appeared to me both dear and sensible friends of both sexes, whose addresses tended to appease my grief, which had not yet wholly subsided: these consolatory speeches were in general addressed to me when I was alone; sometimes I was accosted by these consoling friends while I was in company, frequently while real persons were speaking to me. These consolatory addresses consisted sometimes of abrupt phrases, and at others they were regularly connected."

These phantoms continued till April 20, at 11 o'clock in the morning, when, after again losing blood,

"I perceived," says he, "that they began to move more slowly. Soon after, their colour began to fade, and at seven o'clock they were entirely white. But they moved very little, though the forms were as distinct as before: growing, however, by degrees, more obscure; yet not fewer in number, as had generally been the case. The phantoms did not withdraw, nor did they vanish: which previous to that time had frequently happened. They now seemed to dissolve in the air: while fragments of them continued visible a considerable time. About eight o'clock the room was entirely cleared of my fantastic visitors."

If we only shut our bodily eyes against outward objects, and do not also refrain from the pictures of the imagination, we shall be effectually hindered from distinguishing truth from error.

#### DESIRE OF DISTINCTION.

THE desire of distinction is so strong in the human mind, that men lay hold of any thing however insignificant that may render them conspicuous. Is a man, by some accident, a few inches taller than another; you may immediately perceive that he values himself on his towering figure. Is he well set, and possessed of brawny limbs; you will find him anxiously contending for pre-eminence by measuring round the breast or taking the circumference of the thigh, with his athletic competitors.

I cannot remember of having observed any of these candidates for fame who were desirous of the distinction arising from the prominence of their bellies; yet nothing is more common than to hear a man boast of having swallowed so many oysters, eaten so many eggs, devoured so many pounds of beef steaks, &c. What honor do these idiots expect to derive from the strength of their stomachs or the capacity of their paunches?

Why, they hope to have it said in some tavern or beer-house that "John Gormand is the *damnedest* fellow to eat that ever lived. He demolished, the other day, at the sign of the Mousetrap, a whole round of beef, eat ten dozen of oysters, ten dozen of eggs, five pounds of cheese, drank a gallon of beer, and then refused to pay 25 cents for his dinner, because there was not a sufficiency of provisions."

I knew two graziers to lay a very considerable bet on who could eat the most lobster.—But eat till they could not walk and then let the matter undetermined. The gentlemen were wealthy: they did not gormandize for the money that was betted, but for the sake of an immortal name. Such men are determined to deprive "Robin a Robbin the Bigbellied Hen" of his long established superiority: of whose exploits in this way, it is recorded in heroic verse that "he would eat more than three-score men; that

"A cow and a calf,

"An ox and a half,

"Was Robbin a Bobbin's morning bit."

And afterwards, it is sublimely added that  
 'He lick'd the ladle, and swallow'd the spoon,  
 And was not full when all was done.'

There are others who are scarcely less deserving of a statue than those last mentioned, who plume themselves on having drunk bottles of brandy, decanted dozens of Madeira, and swilled oceans of Port. Such heroes shall have a niche in the Temple of Fame, about to be established under the direction of the savage Piomingo.—*Savage*.

### ABORIGINAL ORATOR.

ONE of the most extraordinary men of the present age has passed from the stage of life, without teaching the world fully to appreciate his character. We mean the Indian orator and hero *Tecumseh*.\* The grandeur of his plans, the ardent, patient, bold, yet prudent inflexibility with which he pursued them, all indicate a mind of the highest order. The great body of mankind must always be imposed on by circumstances, and therefore will be little inclined to allow that *Tecumseh* was not only an accomplished military commander, but also a great natural statesman and orator. Of the many strange and some strongly characteristic events of his life, we are going to give only a little one, which we lately heard related, which affords an admirable specimen of his proud, ambitious, dangerous spirit, and of the sensibility which sometimes distinguished his eloquence. It was in 1811 at the council which Gen. Harrison held with the Indians at Vincennes. The chiefs of some tribes had come to complain of a purchase of lands which had been made from the Kickapoos. It is generally known that this council effected nothing, and broke up in confusion in consequence of *Tecumseh* having called Governor Harrison a liar. It

was in the conference, that *Tecumseh* having finished one of his speeches, looked around, and seeing every one seated, while no seat was prepared for him; a momentary frown passed over his countenance. Instantly Gen. Harrison ordered that a chair should be given him. Some person presented one, and bowing, said to him, "Warrior, your father, Gen. Harrison, offers you a seat." *Tecumseh*'s dark eye flashed. "My father!" he exclaimed indignantly, extending his arm towards the heavens; "the sun is my father, and the earth is my mother. She gives me nourishment, and I repose upon her bosom." As he ended, he sat down suddenly cross-legged upon the ground.—*National Register*.

### MONITORIAL.

MAN is dependent on his fellow man for many of the blessings of life. We are all travelling to a better country, where the griping hand of poverty will not reach us, where sorrow will not intrude, and where nothing will enter to mar our tranquillity and happiness. In journeying onwards to our destined home our wise Creator has ordered, in the plenitude of his mercy, that our life should be checkered with happiness, and misery, and our path should be strewed, alternately, with roses and thorns. With scenes so diversified the heart must be often wrung with the anguish of despair, and in the hour of distress, man naturally turns to those for assistance, to whom Providence has been gracious. Oppressed by calamity he has a right to expect it. He has claims on them as Christians—claims on them as members of one great family of which God is the Father. Charity is the bond which unites man to man; burst this bond asunder and you destroy the sweetest offices of sympathy.

That which is not bestowed with right affections; which does not spring from honest principles; which is exercised merely to sustain the character of a benevolent man, will not rise as a pure or acceptable offering to the throne of mercy.

\* This celebrated chief was killed on the 5th October 1813, in the 44th year of his age at the battle of Arnold's Mills, River-Thames, (Upper Canada,) in the action between General Harrison's army, and that of the British army under Gen. Proctor.

"The poor ye have always with you," saith our Saviour, and it is a duty you owe to God to relieve their sufferings. We do not wish to be understood, that no discrimination is to be used, for daily observation would easily refute our assertion. There are many so profligate and abandoned that it would be unwise to assist them, for the charity they receive will help to rivet the chains of intemperance.

Charity exalts our natures, expands the mind, and makes us fit subjects for a better world. A man who liveth for himself, cannot fulfil the numerous duties his Maker placed him here to perform; some of which serve to sweeten the bitter dregs of life, serve to smooth the rugged passage to the tomb. Exercise then a charitable spirit, for in this world of vicissitude, many are weighed down with calamity, and a man must be devoid of the common feelings of humanity who can view the wide desolation which misfortune produces, and stand unmoved and unconcerned amidst the ruins. Live not for yourselves then, for nature will raise her voice against you. Live not for yourselves, for humanity will shudder at your selfishness. Live not for yourselves, for the widow and the orphan will stand with you at the bar of God.

### VARIETY.

#### IRONY.

*Directions for grown children who attend public worship.*

1st. Be careful not to enter the house till the service has commenced, lest you become fatigued before it is over, and consequently retire unsatisfied—and don't creep in so softly as to create a suspicion that you have some bad design—but "come boldly," with your high heel boots on—and by the breeze you make cheer your Pastor (whilst in his most devout exercises) with your sturdy piety—

That with a cheerful zeal  
You haste to Zion's hill

2dly. As the chief advantages of public worship arise from the power of sympathy, endeavour to quicken the devotional feelings of others in every part of the house by the light of your own countenance, for "as iron sharpened iron so does man the countenance of man."—When you sit, slam down the seat in order to awaken the attention of the drowsy—"doing every thing heartily as unto the Lord and not unto men."

3dly. As silence is desirable to the few (and the rights of the minority are not to be trifled with) who are willing to listen to the sermon, in order effectually to promote it, choose a safe position, if you are not given to talking in your sleep, and take a comfortable nap.

4thly and lastly. When your pastor is dismissing his flock with his solemn benediction, (if you happen to be awake) scramble after your hat, umbrella, cane, &c. slam open the door with all possible violence, and thus convince him that he has not spent his strength for naught, but that you are eager to hasten into the world to practice all the christian duties he has taught you.—*Salem Gazette.*

#### FAITH, HOPE, REPENTANCE.

Two clergymen entering into conversation, one lamented the little power his preaching and admonitions had towards reclaiming his parishioners from their vices. To which the other replied that he had been more fortunate, for he had made many of them proselytes to three capital virtues, viz. faith, hope, and repentance. "Ay," says the other, "you have been very fortunate; but pray what way did you bring them to so happy a conversion?" "Why by borrowing their money; for had they not had faith in me, that I should repay them, they had not lent it; after I had been indebted to them for some time, they hoped I should return it, but now they know I cannot pay them, they heartily repent that they ever lent it to me."

## BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.

It has been erroneously stated, that this saying began in the reign of Charles the First, when two learned judges presided in the courts, whose profound knowledge of the law and consummate integrity, were such as to make it a proverbial observation concerning any difficult cause, that it must be gained by *Hooke* or by *Crooke*. The truth, however, is, that the proverb was in common use as far back as the time of Henry the Eighth, for the *hook* is the peasant's instrument to cut down any thing within his immediate reach, but when that is too elevated, he must have recourse to his *crook*, with which the lofty bough may be brought to his grasp. Thus craft allures, what force cannot conquer.

A clergyman who wished to know whether the children of his parishioners understood their bibles, asked a lad that he one day found reading the Old Testament who was the wickedest man? "Moses to be sure," said the boy, "Moses!" exclaimed the parson, "Moses! how can that be?" "Why, (said the lad) he broke all the commandments at once."

A highway-man and a chimney-sweeper were to be executed at the same time for various depredations—The dashing *Macbeth* feeling his honor contaminated by being associated with such a vulgar companion on the scaffold, indignantly exclaimed "Get farther off you little black dog!" To which the sooty gentleman artfully replied "Pray sir, hav'nt I as much right to be here as you."

## ANCIENT.

Wood in his ninth Chapter of "New England's Prospect," (a very curious and valuable work, published in small quarto at London in 1639,) suddenly breaks in upon his prose with the following verses—which describe the various kinds of fish found in the bays and rivers of New-England.

The King of Waters the sea shouldering  
Whale,

The snuffing Grampus with the Oyly Seale,  
The storm presaging Porpus, Herring-  
Hogge,

Line-shearing Sharke, the Cat-Fish and Sea  
Dogge,

The Scale-fenc'd Sturgeon, wry mouth'd  
Hallibut,

The flounsing Sammon, Cod-fish, Greedegut:  
Cole, Haddocke, Haicke, the Thornebacke,  
and the Scate

Whose slimie outside makes him selde in  
date,

The stately Busse, Old Neptune's fleeting  
post

That tides it out and in from Sea to coast:  
Consorting Herring, and the bony Shad,  
Big-bellied Alewives, Macrils richly clad  
With Rainbow colour, the Frost-fish and  
the Smelt,

As good as ever Lady Gustus felt.

The spotted Lamprons, Eeles, the Lampe-  
ries

That seek fresh water broke with Argus  
Eyes:

These waterie villagers, with thousands  
more

Do passe and repasse neare the verdant  
shore.

The luscious Lobster with the Crab-fish raw,  
The brinish Oister, Muscle, Perriwigge,

And Tortoise sought out by the Indian's  
Squaw,

Which to the flatts dance many a Winter's  
jigge,

To dive for Cockles and to digge for Clams  
Whereby her lazie husband's guts she  
crams.

*Economical method of making Bread.*

It is simply this:—"to every five pounds of flour, add one pound of rice, taking care to boil the rice over a slow fire, until it becomes a jelly, when luke-warm add the barm or yeast, and mix up the bread; should the sponge be too thick, add a sufficiency of warm water.

Nothing, perhaps, tends more to confirm a truth in one's own mind, than an earnest desire to have it impressed on the minds of others.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

TO ELIZA.

WERT thou, fair maid, the blooming rose  
That in yon flow'ry garden grows,  
I'd take thee for my own ;  
To culture would I turn my hand,  
And thou should'st be, of all the land,  
My favorite alone.

When win'try winds, with prowess chill,  
Should bind with frost the dale and hill,  
I'd shield thee from the storm :  
And when the sultry summer heat,  
Should on thy fragrant bosom beat,  
I'd shade thy lovely form.

A. STRONG.

Durham, N. Y.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

TO HENRY WILSON.

How hard is absence to be borne,  
When *hope* the lover flies !  
How burns his bosom to return !  
Yet fate his wish denies.

Deep fix'd within his laboring breast,  
His empire, *love* maintains,  
There the dear image once impress'd  
Unsullied still remains.

Each relic now, with zealous care  
Preserv'd, its value knows ;  
Each gift, presented by his fair,  
A comfort now bestows.

Oh! may not e'er this hopeless love  
Your heart like mine distress ;  
From you, may heav'n such pains remove !  
'Twill make *me* feel them less.

GUSTAVUS.

THE LETTER CARRIER.

A wag at the gallows, who relish'd a jest  
With a risible phiz, thus the hangman address'd :

'Well Jack, I am going to visit that place,  
Where your Father is gone, and the rest of  
your race ;

'Tis a chance but I see him, and you my  
good friend,

May by me your respects to the family send.  
Ketch gravely replied, as he fastened the  
twine,

'I'll beg leave to trouble you, Sir with a *line*.'

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

A FRAGMENT.

BY COSMA.

\* \* \* \* \*

"CALM, fond youth, those boisterous pas-  
sions,  
Quell the tumult in thy breast ;  
Mark the storm which broods portentous,  
Which ere long shall break thy rest.

Lo ! around thee, darkness gathers,  
Lour the clouds in sullen gloom,  
Which shall soon in woe involve thee,  
And with misery seal thy doom.

Fancy gilds with joy thy morrow ;  
Strews with bliss thy future way ;—  
Yet her light but serves to blind thee,  
And her visions to betray.

Ideal pleasures dance before thee,  
Fire thy wild and youthful brain :—  
Yet all pleasures are illusive,  
Short, and transient—joined with pain.

Smiles the bowl with richest nectar,  
While impatient to be quaffed ?  
Shun, O shun, the hated pleasure,  
Poison's mingled with the draught.

Genius sheds her brightest lustre ;  
Nature formed thy mind for away ;  
If not dead to all ambition,  
Glory yet may gild thy day.

Cease thy follies, bow to reason ;  
Now no more in pleasures roll ;  
Curb those wild and boisterous passions,  
Quell the tumult in thy soul."

\* \* \* \* \*

"When shall life's disastrous journey,  
O'er this vale of gloom be o'er ;  
When, this anxious troubled bosom,  
Cease to throb, and heave no more

Toss'd on life's tumultuous ocean,  
Rolled and driven on every tide :  
Why were wit and genius given,  
And not judgment's voice to guide !

Lur'd by pleasures, lull'd by fancy ;  
Urg'd, propell'd, by wild desire,  
Soon were reason's counsels slighted ;  
But the soul was wrapt in fire.

Plung'd in woes by ills surrounded ;  
Sunk, oppress'd, by fell despair :  
What shall soothe this heart's deep anguish,  
And relieve the mind from care ?

Lo ! behold yon stream impetuous,  
That o'er rocks wild surging flows ;  
There this heart shall loose its anguish,  
And this bosom find repose."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Calm fond youth that wild commotion,  
Quell the tumult in thy breast :  
Soon will youth's unbridled passion  
Break thy peace, and mar thy rest."

### EDWIN AND LUCY.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

O ! who is she, with haggard eye,  
That scales the airy steep,  
Oft as the silver star of eve  
Gleams on the distant deep ?

"That with unweary'd step ascends  
The promontory's height,  
Oft as the melancholy main  
Reflects the lunar light ;

"And there, to winds that murmur low,  
That sings so sadly sweet,  
And still her toiling eye-balls strains,  
The gliding sail to meet !"

O ! wonder not, that, stranger there,  
You hear the song of woe ;  
And mark the lovely Maniac stand,  
And watch the waves below.

Hark ! to the story of her woe,  
As, from yon rude rock's height,  
She pours the dying notes of grief  
On the dull ear of night.

"Can winds, with envy fraught and hate,  
The sails of love detain ?  
Or can the waves refuse to speed  
A lover o'er the main ?

"Ye stars, that gem the brow of night,  
Or glimmer o'er the steep ;  
Or hide your orbs in clouds, or bathe  
Your tresses in the deep ;

"Shine forth, in all your splendour bright,  
To guide him on his way,  
Nor, with malignant influence fraught,  
A lover's steps delay.

"And thou pale moon, that travell'st far,  
Thy friendly light bestow,  
For thou wert witness to his love,  
His tears, and parting vow.

"For him, ye Sea-nymphs, cease to pour  
Your wildly-warbled strains,  
Nor lure him to your green retreats,  
To bind him in your chains.

"What shades incline my love to stay ?  
Or hide him from my view ?  
Art thou the sport of wayward fate ?  
Or is thy heart untrue ?

"Hast thou forgot thy plighted vows ?  
And Lucy lost her charms ?  
And not a thought of other days  
Thy raptur'd bosom warms ?

"Though with the smiling cherub, Peace,  
My waning beauty flew,  
Wilt thou not love thy Lucy still  
As thou wert wont to do ?

"Alas ! 'tis all for thee, that grief  
Has dimm'd her eyes with tears  
That on her channel'd cheek no more  
The rose of health appears !

"For thee, that to the Mercy-seat  
Her supplications rise ;  
The day is seen through clouds of woe,  
The night is spent in sighs !

"For thee, that with the sun she climbs  
The promontory's height,  
And lingers there till ocean's wave  
Reflects the lunar light !"

Long shall she stray these haunts among,  
To watch the gliding sail ;  
That bark shall ne'er return, for which  
She keeps her vigils pale.

The youth for whom she breathes the sigh,  
And climbs the steep in vain,  
Now sleeps the long—long sleep of death !  
Beneath the roaring main !

Poor child of grief ! did'st thou not weep !  
Did not thy bosom bleed ?  
Till Reason fled thy fever'd brain,  
And left thee poor indeed !

But Hope a happiness imparts  
That Truth could ne'er have given,  
And mingles with the cup of woe  
A soothing draught from Heaven.

Yet not by thee fair nature's face  
Was always seen through tears,  
Nor always pale thy channel'd cheek,  
Where health no more appears.

'Twas when for thee on Avon's side  
Love lighted up the day,  
And lent new power to Beauty's charms,  
And badethy heart be gay.

Who of the youth by Avon's wave  
With Edwin could compare?  
And 'mong the maids that haunt its banks,  
As Lucy, who so fair?

Love's sweet contagion soon was caught,  
And quickly too reveal'd,  
And in the holy eye of Heaven  
By mutual vows was seal'd.

Oft in the blossom-woven bower  
They breath'd alternate vows,  
And shar'd that interchange of heart  
That Virtue only knows:

Or led the walk along the mead,  
Beneath the dewy light,  
What time the star of twilight shone,  
Or the fair queen of night.

But, Edwin, these are virgin charms  
That thou must ne'er possess,  
Unless from Fortune thou can'st win  
The smile, and bland caress.

Go! Edwin, go! and urge the chase,  
Since nought but gold can move  
The eye of Avarice to smile  
Propitious on thy love.

Go! ply th' illimitable search,  
From Indus to the Pole;

Go! and the flatterer, Hope, shall shed  
Her day dreams on thy soul;

And love shall lend his pleasing aid  
To cheat the lingering hours,  
And Fancy give the Maid to range  
With the Idalian bowers.

He went:—the tempest swift descends,  
The billows threat the skies,—  
The wreck is strew'd along the strand,—  
The hapless lover dies!

Divided pair! your tender tale  
Shall to the Muse be dear,  
And oft her pity shall bestow  
The tributary tear.

And oft to the responsive lyre  
Your story shall relate,  
And mourn that love so true should meet  
On earth no better fate.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1817.

## Intelligence.

*A Sword Fish*, was caught off the Hook, on the 17th inst. brought to our Market, and sold in pieces at two shillings the pound. The sword, tail and fins, were purchased by *Enoch Johnson, esq.* and by him presented to the *Lyceum*.

This fish was twelve feet long, and five feet round, its sword, three feet two inches long, and the tail measured thirty-eight inches from tip to tip. Dr. Mitchell, in thanking Mr. Johnson, in the name of the *Lyceum*, for this rare curiosity, observes that it will repose in the same chamber with the fossil remains of the Mammoth from the interior country, and the head of the Whale from the Atlantic.

An individual of the same species, is said to have been taken at Sandy Hook, about 26 years ago.—*Com. Advertiser*.

Four men have been convicted at Wilmington, (Del.) of kidnapping; for which they received, each, thirty-nine lashes on the naked back—stood one hour with both ears nailed to the pillory, and then had the lower part of each ear cropped.

The *American Daily Advertiser* says, "the four men above alluded to, were convicted of the crime of kidnapping free negroes.—They broke into their houses at night—they lay in wait for them in solitary places, and in defiance of the laws of humanity, and in contempt of the ties of domestic life, they seized them, separated them from each other, and when necessary for their purpose, gagged them and beat them. Thus prepared, they carried them off, and sold them to the southern negro buyers. The secrecy with which they perpetrated these crimes, secured impunity, until the constant repetition of them, roused whole neighbourhoods in aid of the laws. The offenders were brought to justice, and plenary proof establish-

ed their guilt. To add to their condemnation, they were found to be men of reputable connexions, and comfortable means, and who were not driven by desperate circumstances, to desperate measures for relief. In them it was the basest cupidity. They were placed in the pillory for an hour, whipped with thirty-nine lashes, and the soft parts of both ears were cut off; but they were not branded, nor did the law require it."

**Meteoritic Stones.**—Considerable light has been thrown upon this subject, as far as regards their formation in the atmosphere, by a fact recorded in the *Annals of Philosophy*, (Jan. 1817, p. 14)—of a quantity of red dust having fallen during a thunder shower, at Gerace, in Calabria. The dust was mixed with the rain; became black when exposed to a red heat—and effervesced with acids. When analyzed, its properties were nearly similar to those of the meteoric bodies, consisting of flint, iron, allumene, and *chromium*. In short there is the same apparent analogy between dust and the meteoric stones as between rain and hail: cold acting in the one case, and electricity in the other.—*Lon. paper.*

**The Mammoth, Elephant and Hippopotamus, formerly natives of England.**—In late observations which have been published by Mr. Parkinson, on the strata and fossil remains in the neighborhood of London, it is said, that the bones belonging to each of these animals have been discovered. A tooth of the Mammoth was found on the beach of Harwich, which was presented to the Geological Society by Dr. Menish. It possessed in its softer parts, the color and appearance of the Essex mineralised bones so distinctly, as to leave not a doubt of its having been embodied in the stratum of that country.

Mr. William Trimmer, of Kew, found beneath a bank of sandy gravel about six feet thick, the bones of both the Elephant and Hippopotamus.

The snowy mountains of Thibet, in the East Indies, which were until lately supposed to be inaccessible, have been crossed by Captain Webb, and their

height ascertained, which proved to be 28,000 feet above the level of the sea. This is more than 7,000 feet higher than the highest point of the Andes, which have heretofore been considered the loftiest mountains on the globe.—*Daily Advertiser.*

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## NUPTIAL

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### MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Mortimer, Mr. Thomas Durry, to Miss Hannah Ehninger, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. David Briggs, to Mrs. Eliza Targee, both of this city.

By the rev. Bishop Connolly, Mr. William Rotchford, to Miss Margaret Toole, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Feltus, Mr. Robert Lovett, to Miss Ann Doubleday, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Rowan, Mr. George Harrison, to Miss Phebe Ketchum.

Mr. John Townley, to Miss Elizabeth Wiggins, daughter of Mr. Thomas Wiggins.

By the rev. Dr. Romeyn, the rev. Robert M'Cartee, of Philadelphia, to Miss Jessie G. Bethune, daughter of Divie Bethune, esq. of this city.

At Staten Island, on the 11th inst. by the rev. John C. Beckler, Mr. Samuel Coddington, of this city, to Miss Catherine Jacobson, of the former place.

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## OBITUARY.

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The City Inspector reports the death of 36 persons in this City, during the week ending on the 21st inst.

### DIED,

Mrs. Eliza Livingston, relict of the late Schuyler Livingston, and eldest daughter of Col. Barclay.

Mrs. Charity Kiersted, wife of Mr. James Kiersted, in the 59th year of her age.

Mrs. Mary Hamilton, wife of Mr. Archibald Hamilton, in the 21st year of her age.

Mrs. Mary Thompson, relict of capt. Robert Thompson, aged 49.

At Southampton, (L. I.) of a lingering illness, Mrs. Jane Foster, late of this city.

At Newtown, (Con.) Miss Harriet Sylvester, aged 17, late of Kinderhook. Forty young men is said to have borne her corps to the grave, and seventy-two young women followed her bier.

### NEW-YORK PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Sitting of May 6th, 1817.

Dr. Mitchill communicated, with some specimens of Zoology, &c. contributed by capt. Edmund Fanning of this city, the following observations, which on account of their importance, we have copied *verbatim* from the journal of the sitting. But in addition to these articles, capt. Fanning has given us more information concerning that enormous inhabitant of the ocean, which appears to surpass in magnitude all the living creatures belonging to the terraqueous globe."

"On a former occasion I endeavored to collect and state the evidence which New York afforded concerning such huge productions of nature. It then appeared, from the testimony of seven independent and respectable witnesses, that the existence of creatures larger than whales, and different from whales, could not be doubted. By comparing this mass of intelligence with that collected, from all sources within his reach, by Dennis Montfort, in his elaborate history of Moluscas, I was led to believe this prodigious animal was *sepia octopus*, or eight armed cuttle fish. These particulars were arranged in the form of a Memoir, and printed in the 16th vol. of the Medical Repository, page 396—496.

"Afterwards the declarations of other persons, unexceptionable in point of credibility and character, were taken. They corroborated the former conclusion, by a further mass of powerful evidence. All these matters were recommended in the before mentioned work, volume 17, page 383—390.

"After all this, as if to make assurance as certain as possible, capt. Fanning has entered on the journal of the ship *Volunteer*, commanded by him, bound to the South Seas, that being in about the latitude of 36° south, on the Atlantic Ocean, sailing towards *Terra del Fuego*, he saw one of these monsters of the deep. It was in the month of August when the ocean was calm, and the vessel proceeding at the rate of four

miles an hour. During the brightness of a fair day, while the captain and officers were taking their food below, the boatswain alarmed them by stating that he descried a rock at some distance ahead of the ship. They all proceeded to the deck, and soon satisfied themselves that the supposed rock was a moving body, and that its impulse was spontaneous, or originating within itself, and not derived from currents of water or air. Being now convinced it was an animal, they discovered his course to be directly across the ship's direction. They continued straight forward, with the expectation of passing ahead of him. But his progress was such that there was a necessity of running foul of him, or of keeping away to go behind him. The ship was first kept away to clear him, and immediately after passing his wake, brought round to reconnoitre him. He was mostly under water; but a part, apparently of the size of a ship's boat upside down, was above the waves. His visible magnitude was estimated at one hundred and ten feet, or more, from side to side. This surface was uneven, as if covered with moss, weeds, and barnacles or shells. He paid no regard whatever to the ship, and the billows rolled over him as over a shoal or rock. It was supposed his eyes were discovered, as, also something like fins or a tail in action. But no determinate judgment of its bulk, figure or manner of swimming could be formed, partly by reason of his vastness, and partly because of his concealment under water. On the whole, the crew were glad to leave him unmolested; and some of the seamen, for several days retained the terror of the impression so strongly that they were constantly on the watch for *kra-kens*, and feared that they might all be lost by encountering such an enormous creature in the night."

### THE MUSEUM

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